

Progress

I work in an old-fashioned factory, flapping belts overhead, smell of hot oil, wooden floors, grimy windows. We love it. You can visualize our types.

The corporation builds a new factory next door. Some parts finished, training goes on for a lot of scrawny little brown fellows from India. Nobody has ever seen them enter or exit the building. They're cooking in there: we can smell it.

My janitor friend has seen plans for a third building. No windows, all robots.